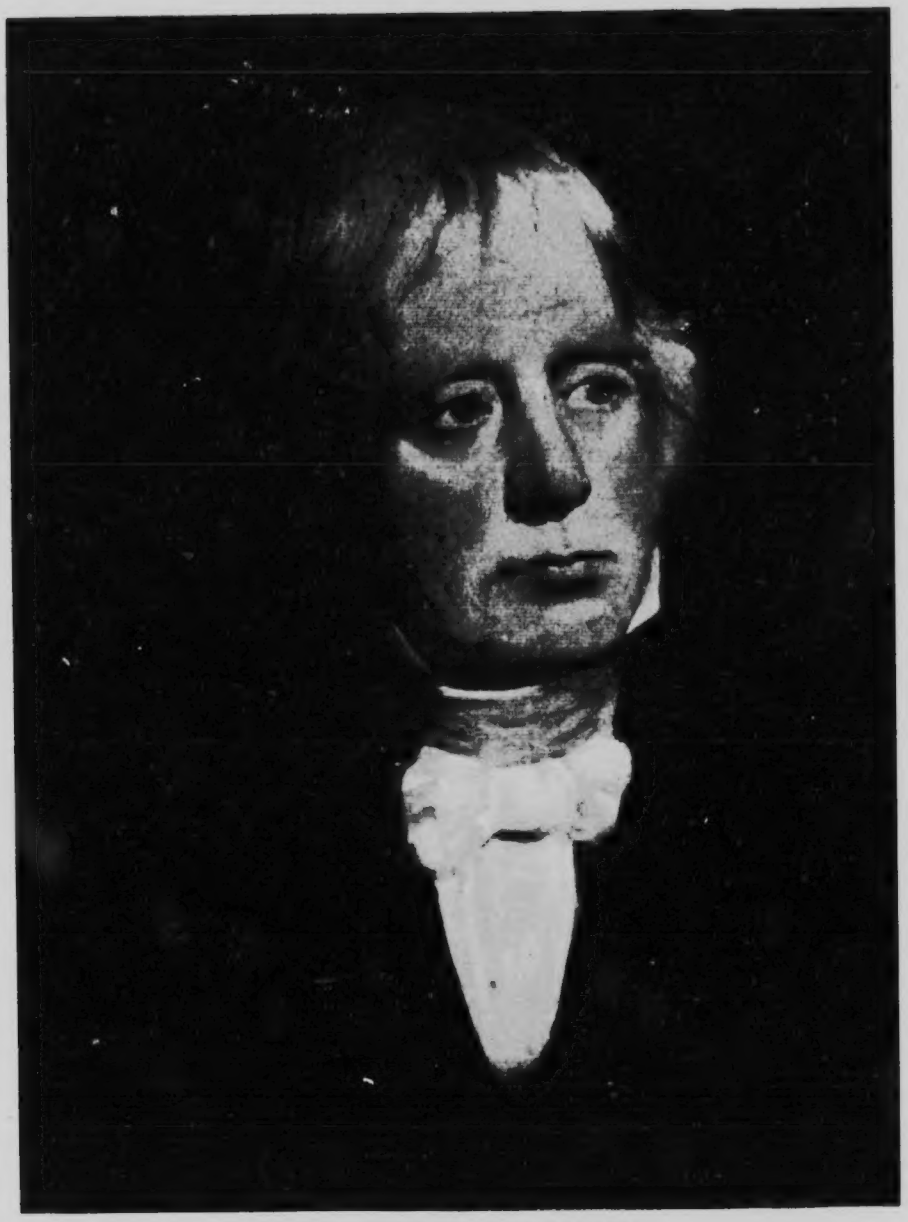
SIR WALTER SCOTT



SIR WALTER SCOTT

FROM A PAINTING BY
JOHN GRAHAM GILBERT

SIR WALTER SCOTT

W. S. CROCKETT

JAMES L. CAW

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

TORONTO
THE COPP, CLARK CO. LIMITED
LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON

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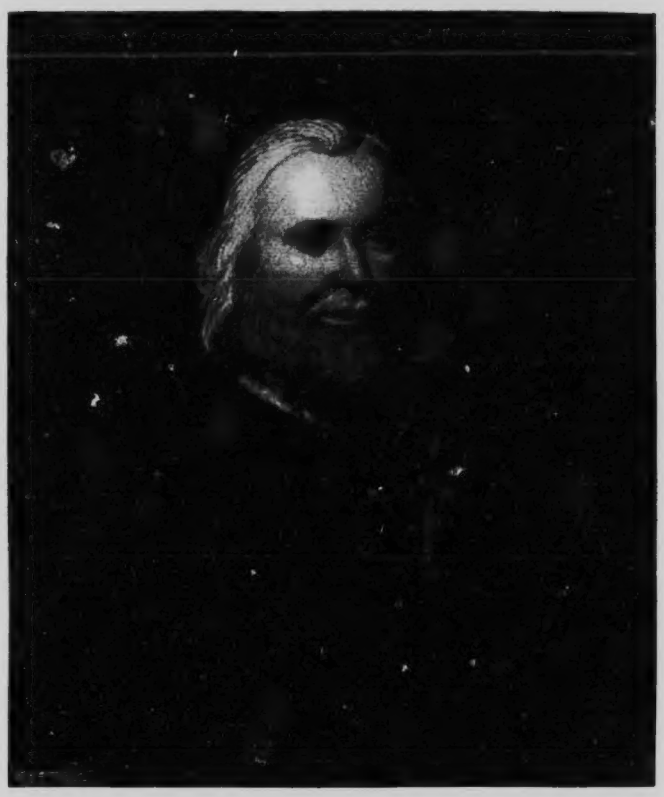
SIR WALTER SCOTT:

SOME OF HIS HOMES AND HAUNTS.

A MINIATURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
In the Scottish National Portrait Gallery

MELROSE Railway Station in "the season" is proof enough that Scott and his Country are not forgotten. Each summer sees an ever-increasing influx of visitors from all quarters to the "land of the mountain and the flood." And so far as the foreign element is concerned, the palm for popularity must be given to the shrines of Sir Walter. In the States and Canada Scott is said to be even better known than he is in Scotland. The story of his homes and haunts prints itself more deeply, perhaps, on the heart and imagination of the average American than the average Scot. That is scarcely as it should be; still, one is not surprised. No one disputes Scott's kingship among the English-speaking races, and, doubtless, the old "nearer-to-kirk" adage applies with tolerable truth to those who live within easy reach, or, indeed, within the romantic circle itself of the Scott Country. But there is a reviving interest in Scott in his own localities and amongst his own countrymen. The modern Scottish School has not outstripped the old—is far from outstripping it. Stevenson may be reckoned a good second to Scott, but *per longo intervallo*. And of other representatives (a company by no means to be despised) what is the verdict, however? That they have but increased our hunger, forcing us back to the great Master, always Romancist-in-Chief. One is glad, too, to find a growing tide in favour of Scott as a school classic. Thanks to the excellent editions recently produced for this purpose, there is no reason why every Scottish



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER, "BEARDIE"

(Reproduced from Lockhart's "Life of Scott," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black)

schoolboy and girl should not succumb to the pure and wholesome sway of Sir Walter Scott. With profit, also, might the schools devote some part of their annual holiday to his Country, and study on the spot that strong local environment which, in large measure, made him the man he was, and the force in British Literature he must still hold, notwithstanding the enormous fictional output of the period.

It will be seventy-one years this autumn (1903) since Scott passed "from sunshine to the sunless land." But the sunny influence of his life has not passed. It has rather increased year by year. When the pen dropped from his palsied fingers that pathetic day in 1832, Scott's work was only just beginning. The nineteenth

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MOTHER

(Reproduced from Lockhart's "Life of Scott," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black)

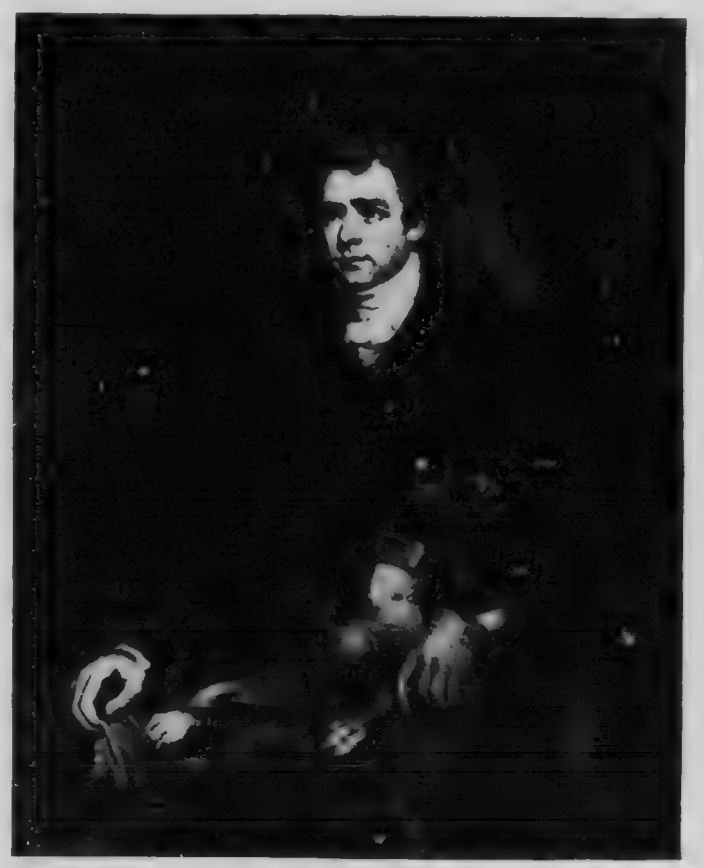
century saw the world at his feet in the most loving admiration. One is safe in saying that with "Marmion," and the "Lay": "Guy Mannering," and "Old Mortality": "The Bride of Lammermoor," and "Ivanhoe," more really pleasant hours have been spent than over any other series of romances in the home-tongue (or any tongue whatever), however happily conceived. A constant demand for the numerous new editions, and an abiding interest in all that pertains to Scott and the Scott Land, assure us that it will be long before the name of "Waverley" passes from the speech and page of the multitude, or the places associated with the Magician fail to stir the sympathy and inspire the devotion of the whole English-speaking world:

Reproduced from an etching by D. Y. Cameron in George G. Napier's "The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," by kind permission of the author and of Messrs. James MacLehose & Sons)

Scott shall ne'er oblivion
know;
While old Scotland lasts, his
name,
Fitly framed for mutual fame,
Shall with hers still co-exist,
First in Honour's lofty list:
Till his land and race are not,
Glory be to Walter Scott!

The Border Country, in its general characteristics, has altered little since Scott's day. In some other respects there has been a saddening and woeful change. Still do the "glittering and resolute streams of Tweed" to use the Cromwellian's phrase keep their old graceful way by the boskiest of banks and greenest of meadows. The hills which Washington Irving declared to be "monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile," have undergone, in many instances, a magnificent metamorphosis. The rare woodland of Abbotsford is itself a sample of how many another landscape, once arid and ugly, has been transformed to "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Thirlestane, in the heart of Ettrickdale; Dawyck, by Drummelzier on the Tweed; the "noble Neidpath," despoiled by Wordsworth's "Degenerate Douglas"; Cowdenknowes, that true

home of beauty and song, with other delightful domains, all well known to Scott but covertless enough in his day, are now fully mantled in the glory of elm and oak, fir and beech, and rowan, intermingled with copses of hazel and laburnum, wild-rose and broom. Not, of course, that the country was a broad, bald stretch when the Wizard was casting his spell over it. Tweed was a "fair river" then also. And the beauty-spots of Scott's time abide the beauty-spots still. But the by-past century on the Border was emphatically a century of arboriculture, a revivifying of the time when the colloquial name for the region between the Ettrick and Tweed valleys was "the Forest," classic in history, and immortal in the sweet settings of Border minstrelsy. With Abbotsford, too, the neighbouring mansions, many of them, passed from their primitive shooting-box condition into superb palatial residences. Railways have long interlaced the wide Border, and the most inaccessible hill hamlets of Scott's day are linked by the telegraph-line to all ends of the earth. But the vexing, almost heartrending, feature of present-day Border life is the tremendous depopulation of the outlying districts. The Border land question (the subject is hardly confined to the Border)



A PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY JAMES SAXON.

SIR
WALTER
SCOTT'S
FATHER

(Reproduced from [illegible] Messrs. A. & C. Black)

is surely ripe for discussion. When is Government going to deal with it? And the settlement of the baneful "led-farm" system, that most aggravating curse of the Border parishes, unknown in any great degree to Scott, should be insisted upon from landlord and tenant alike. How deserted the glens of Ettrick and Yarrow, and Tweed and Teviot, since Scott was their most familiar figure! More than one-half of their peaceful, plodding populations have gone to swell the big local manufacturing centres, as Hawick and Galashiels, and the already overcrowded and over-garreted cities like Glasgow and Edinburgh. The spirit of Border rusticity, as Scott gloried to live amongst it, has been rudely disturbed,

A PORTRAIT
OF
LADY SCOTT
(CHARLOTTE
MARGARET
CARPENTER)

(Reproduced from
Lockhart's "Life of Scott"
by kind permission of
Messrs. A. & C. Black)

and a remedy might well be found against this continued decrease.

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

When Walter Scott touched for the first time the land he was most of all to adorn, and which was to be identified with his name through the centuries, he was a child of barely three years—dull, lame, and thought to be dying. It was to Sandyknowe, his grandfather's farm at Smailholm, in Roxburghshire, he was sent to retrieve, if possible, his little life trembling in the balance. Here he lived, for

NO. 25, GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH
The residence of Sir Walter Scott's parents shortly after his birth in 1771

the most part, until his eighth year, recovered his health, grew into a fine fair-haired boy, and, above all, caught, as no other did, the true spirit of the scenes amidst which he lived and moved. Had he remained in Edinburgh he would almost certainly have succumbed. It was the happy thought of Smailholm that saved him to his family and the world. But it did more. It gave the keynote to his future. It made a man of him in the best sense of the phrase. What the boy felt in that first consciousness at Smailholm never left him all through life. It was there that destiny began to work itself out. From the "honourable humility" of Robert Scott's "thatched mansion" he reached the topmost rung of the Scottish literary ladder, and he still stands, at the beginning of the new century, among Scotsmen "first in Honour's lofty list." The farmhouse of Sandyknowe has long given place to a more commodious dwelling. A small part of the original wall is said to be recognisable in the stable and cartshed of the modern steading. The true shrine, however, is not the farmhouse, but the grey old fortlet of Sandyknowe, strongly posted on its beetling crag, about a bowshot beyond. It is one of the best-preserved feudal relics in the south of Scotland, but, lying slightly off the beaten track, is unknown to a large circle of Scott students. The lines descriptive of it in the Introduction to Canto III. of "Marmion" are among the finest of Scott's word-pictures:

> It was a barren scene, and wild,
> Where naked cliffs were rudely piled,

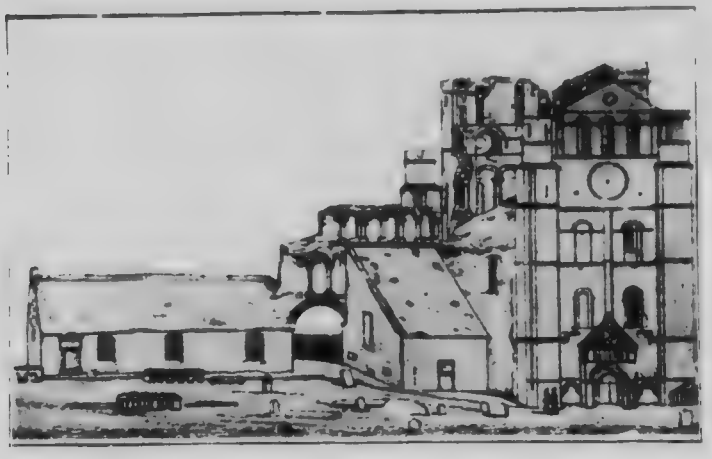
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round survey'd;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvell'd as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.

The whole building is suggestive of immense strength. The assaults of armed hosts and Time's corroding touches have left little difference upon it. Was ever scene so grand and fair! That must be the reflection of all who have gazed from the summit of Sandyknowe on the majestic panorama spreading far and wide

From a drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

SANDYKNOWE TOWER

(Reproduced from Lockhart's "Life of Scott," [illegible] Messrs. A. & C. Black)



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, KELSO

(Reproduced from W. S. Crockett's "The Scott Country," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black)

around it. Scott knew it well, and brought many of his friends in later years to get into raptures over it. His last visit was with Turner in the autumn of 1831, when the great artist sketched the place for a new edition of the Poems. As an amphitheatre of the most perfect beauty, crowded with a thousand memories of the heroic and the romantic, the view from Sandyknowe should satisfy all lovers of the land of Scott. Close at hand are Mertoun's Halls "fair e'en now" —the seat of Sandyknowe's laird, son of the reivers, but bearing, too, in his veins the softer blood of Yarrow's gentle "Flower." A short distance to the west the Brethren Stanes shrine their tearful tragedy, whilst legends of the youthful Cuthbert, greatest of Border Saints, still linger by the haunts of his boyhood. Further over is

WAVERLEY LODGE, KELSO

The residence of Miss Janet Scott

(Reproduced from W. S. Crockett's "The Scott Country," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black)

FULL LENGTH
PORTRAIT
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT
BY
SIR HENRY RAEBURN
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Bemersyde of the perennial Haigs, eternally fortified by the Rhymer's couplet

> Tyde what may betyde,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde:

and away yonder are Dryburgh, its white monks long laid to rest, and its bells long done ringing; the Wizard-cleft Eildons; Melrose, "like some tall rock with lichens grey"; the storied vale of the Gala; the Ettrick and Yarrow landmarks; and in the distance the grassy peaks of Peeblesshire. On the south are the Dunion and Ruberslaw, Peniellheugh and Lilliard's Edge, Carter Fell, and the long wavy outline of the Cheviots. To the north "the grim Black Hill of

LASSWADE COTTAGE.

[illegible] the early years of his married life

(From [illegible] G. Napier's "The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," [illegible] Messrs. Law & Macfadyen & Sons)

Cowdenknowes" (*red* enough from this aspect, however) sentinels the Rhymer's Ercildoune and the sweet pastoral haughs of the Leader. On the east rise the crags of Hume, with its dismantled Castle, "stern guardian of the Merse," the Dirringtons, Covenant-haunted Duns Law, and the open-spreading, cultivated, and fertile valley of the Tweed. "Such," says Lockhart, "were the objects that had painted the earliest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Border Minstrels."

> More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
> But none unite in one attaching maze,
> The brilliant, fair, and soft, the glories of old days.

Here, at Sandyknowe Tower, is the scene of Scott's first ballad, "The Eve of St. John," written, it was said, to avert its demolition. But that can scarcely be, remembering the exceeding strength of the structure, and the utter needlessness of what would have been an unpardonable vandalism. It has been suggested that Sandyknowe might be purchased and put in a better state of repair by some such body as the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, which has already done admirable work in that direction, having annexed the

Tower of True Thomas at Earlston and John Leyden's Cottage at Denholm, and contemplating other commendable schemes. At any rate, the visitor to Sandyknowe will not depart disappointed. In its bold and rugged surroundings he may discover a wonderfully correct index to the determination and keen-spiritedness of the boy who gambolled by its base, and as a youth climbed to its highest bartizan, and last scene of all as a white-haired paralytic wept over the long-dead days as they came back to him here, fancying himself once more on the broomy knowes of Smailholm in the midst of the thunderstorm and lightning flashes, clapping his hands and crying in his ecstasy, "Bonnie! bonnie! dae't again, dae't again!"

OLD SHERIFF COURT HOUSE SELKIRK

NO. 1 CASTLE STREET EDINBURGH

Kelso, where some of Scott's happy boyhood years were spent, is only six miles distant. He was a pupil in the old Grammar School, long demolished, close to Edie Ochiltree's prison—a vault in the Abbey—which the blue-gown declared "wasna sae dooms bad a place as it was ca'd." Many of the houses where Scott was a frequent guest have disappeared, or, like Waverley Lodge, as his Kelso home is now called, have changed beyond recognition. At Kelso, Scott's Ballantyne comradeship began. Here he printed his first ballad-collection—a mere pamphlet, indeed. Then the first two volumes of the "Minstrelsy" issued from the Kelso press in a splendour of typography which evoked the highest admiration. We

like to think of Scott's associations with this charming Tweedside town the "Queen of the Borders," and, as described by himself, "the most beautiful if not the most romantic village in Scotland." He had the kindest of friends at Kelso in his maiden Aunt Jenny, and indulgent sailor uncle at Rosebank. It was from Kelso, too, as a law-student on holiday, free for a time from the "dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances," that he sallied forth to Flodden, to Norham Castle, and Berwick, and as far south as Bamborough and Lindisfarne all afterwards shrined in "Marmion," the greatest of his verse-romances. Round about Kelso, he would be quite at home at Ednam, the birthplace of

A PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY JOSEPH SLATER

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY JOHN GRAHAM GILBERT

the author of "The Seasons"; at Yetholm, the Gypsy Capital; at Jedburgh, Southdean, Crailing, and Ancrum names of stirring note in Border history and romance.

Scott married in 1797, settling down with the prim but pleasant, if not particularly pretty, mademoiselle with whom he fell in love, seemingly at first sight, among the Cumberland mountains. "By Eske's fair streams that run" they lived for six years a pleasantly simple life in the rustic cottage at Lasswade, still to the fore, and practically unchanged (it was lately in the market). Of Scott's Edinburgh homes, little here, save to say that 39, Castle Street "dear old 39" was his abode for many years, where his best work was done, and at whose window Lockhart beheld that striking, somewhat weird, Belshazzar-like vision of a hand writing far into the early hours of the morning.

As Sheriff of Selkirkshire, or, more familiarly, and as he liked best to be styled, the "Shirra," Scott lived for a time at Clovenfords Inn on the Tweed, recently restored, and again catering for the angler and summer visitor. Wordsworth slept here on his first Border tour in 1803, of which the fruit was "Yarrow Revisited."

> And when we came to Clovenford,
> Then said my winsome marrow,
> "Whate'er betide we'll turn aside
> And see the Braes of Yarrow."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR J. WATSON GORDON, R.A.

Not far off is Ashestiel, from 1804 to 1811 the centre of some of the dearest associations of Scott's life. For one of Scott's temperament and hobbies, there

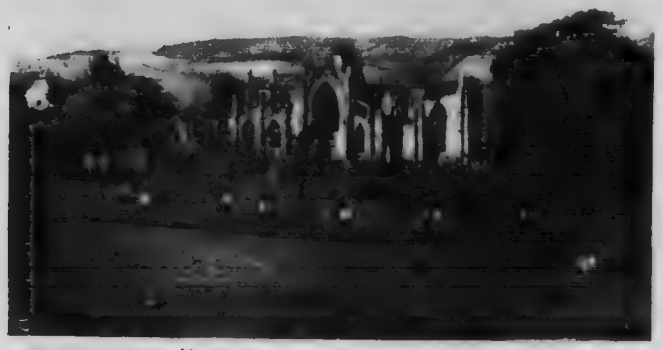
From a photo by Messrs. [illegible]

ABBOTSFORD AND THE EILDON HILLS

could not have been a more ideal dwelling. Quiet and retired and situated on a singularly enchanting reach of the Tweed, the scenery all round about has been well imaged in his own deathless lines. "You approached it," says Lockhart, "through an old-fashioned garden with holly-hedges, and broad green terrace-walks. On one side, close under the windows, is a deep ravine, clothed with venerable trees, down which a mountain rivulet is heard, more than seen, in its progress to the Tweed. The river itself is separated from the high bank on which the house stands only by a narrow meadow of the richest verdure. Opposite and all around are the green hills. The valley there is narrow, and the aspect in every direction is that of perfect pastoral repose. The heights immediately behind are those which divide the Tweed from the Yarrow, and the latter celebrated stream lies within an easy ride, in the course of which the traveller passes through a variety

Patrick, Edinburgh
LOCH KATRINE

of the finest mountain scenery in the south of Scotland." Ashestiel has altered considerably "sorrowfully changed," as Ruskin wrote in 1883, since Scott's occupancy. The east wing has been added, and the entrance, which formerly faced the Tweed, is now turned hillwards. Scott wrote in the old dining-room not the small study which Ruskin saw and described in "Fors," vol. viii.—the modern library, a quaint, old-fashioned room on the east side of the entrance porch. Through one of the original windows, now converted into a press beside the fireplace, the greyhounds Douglas and Percy bounded out and in at will. Scott kept his books upstairs in the dressing-room. Not any part of the furniture is associated with him except a large easy-chair, gifted by Scott to his invalid cousin, Jane Russell, and afterwards used by himself during the last sad days at Abbotsford. A portrait and a punch-bowl, presents to his cousin, are the sole remaining relics. Revisiting Ashestiel in 1826, Scott wrote in his diary: "Here I passed some happy years. Did I ever pass unhappy years



MELROSE ABBEY

anywhere?" The place was printed deep on his heart, and had he been able to purchase the property, Abbotsford might never have arisen from the swamps of Clarty Hole. At Ashestiel, his fame as a poet rose to its full height, and the locality is therefore more interesting to students of his poetry than any other of the Scott shrines. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (partly), "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," were written and published during his stay at

THE CHANTREY BUST OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Rischgitz Collection.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, R.A.

Ashestiel, and the first chapters of "Waverley" dashed off and laid aside, to be examined some years later, and finally lost sight of until their more momentous appearance in 1813. A knoll, on the adjoining farm of Peel, and overlooking the Peel or Glenkinnon Burn, where Scott is said to have penned large portions of "Marmion," is still known as the "Shirra's Knowe," and another favourite spot is pointed out underneath a tree on the river bank not far from the house. There, looking out towards Neidpath Fell and the "sister heights of Yair," with the "ever-dear Tweed" in pleasant babble at his feet, and the glamour of old romance around him, the great Minstrel sang his immortal lays. It is to be regretted that Ashestiel does not receive the recognition which it ought to have as a prominent Scott landmark. There is reason to fear that Ruskin's taunt may be, after all, only too well founded, that the birthplace of "Marmion" is in danger of being forgotten as a favourite haunt of the most illustrious figure in Scottish literary history.

Within easy reach of Ashestiel lie a number of the best-known shrines of Scott.

KHYMER'S GLEN

FINDING THE MS. OF "WAVERLEY"
(Reproduced from W. S. Crockett's "The Scott Country," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

Innerleithen has long established its claim to be his "St. Ronan's." A mere village of six hundred inhabitants when the novel was written, it is now a busy manufacturing centre, with a population of about four thousand. The "Tully-Veolan" of "Waverley" is more than likely to be the history-haunted House of Traquair, on the Tweed, farther over from Innerleithen. Change has scarcely touched the place. It stands to-day solitary in its old-worldness, no abode in Scotland more quaint and curious, turreted, walled, buttressed, windowed, and loopholed, all as in the olden time. Still is its great gate shut against all intrusion, and the fierce Bradwardine Bears frown as in years bygone. At Peebles, Scott found his prototype of "Meg Dods" a "landlady of the olden world": and the "Cleikum Inn," erected in 1653, and altered only slightly, has long been known as the Cross Keys. Scott spent not a few "cheerful

An engraving by Edward Smith
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.
Rischgitz Collection

days," as he told the Wordsworths, in Neidpath Castle when it was inhabited by Professor Ferguson and his family. It is the scene of his poem, "The Maid of Neidpath," and is still in a fair state of repair. The Black Dwarf's cottage in the Vale of Manor—Veitch's "sweetest glen of all the South"—is not that in which Scott had, in 1797, the terribly weird interview with David Ritchie, when, strong and fearless man as he was, he became pale as ashes, and his person was agitated in every limb. The present structure was set up in 1802, but the original door and window have been retained. Further up the Tweed, we come to Drummelzier Castle, mentioned in "The Betrothed" Introduction; Talla Linns, the scene of a "Heart of Midlothian" incident (chapter xviii.); and over the watershed, on the Annan side a little, the "deep, black, blackguard-looking abyss" of the Devil's Beef Tub, referred to in the Laird of Summertrees' adventure in "Redgauntlet" (chapter xi.). At Yarrow Kirk, across the hills from Ashestiel, Scott frequently worshipped. His maternal great-grandfather, John Rutherford, had been minister of the parish, and the mural tablet to his memory in the back wall he styled the "shrine of my ancestors." The place is hardly at all changed since Scott's day. Doubtless many of the houses in Yarrow and Ettrick stand as Scott saw them during his period of Sheriffship. Blackhouse, the home of "dear Willie" Laidlaw, frequently visited by Scott with Leyden and Skene in

their ballad-hunting excursions, has not altered much. Altrieve Hogg's home is, however, practically gone, merged in a new building with a new name Eldinhope. Of Mount Benger not a stone is left on another. The Gordon Arms has been much enlarged since Scott and the Shepherd took here their final farewell. Mungo Park's birthplace at Foulshiels is a roofless ruin, and Ettrickhall, near Ettrick Kirk, where Scott first met James Hogg, demolished in 1830, has been recently commemorated by a handsome freestone obelisk.

It is to Abbotsford, however, that one naturally turns in dealing with the homes of Sir Walter. Built between 1811 and 1825, Scott had only, practically speaking, one brief year of comfort and ease of mind in its occupancy. In 1826 came the biggest literary financial failure of the century. Soon afterwards Lady Scott died. Scott's hair began to whiten, and with intervals of broken health and pressing monetary difficulties, he was worried enough. An ugly, filthy spot was the original Abbotsford. Gradually there sprang up the modest villa, with its few enclosed fields. By-and-by came a larger addition to both house and land, until finally it had grown to baronial proportions a "romance in stone and

A PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY ANDREW GEDDES, A.R.A., 1[illegible]

In the Scottish National Portrait [illegible]

(Reproduced from the Edinburgh Waverley [illegible] permission of Messrs. T. C. & E. C[illegible])

SIR WALTER SCOTT

line" inside and outside a tangible, unique commentary on the nation's history. Following Scott's death, the place appears to have been somewhat neglected. In 1853, Mr. Hope-Scott, husband of Lockhart's daughter, came into possession, and a new era began. An eminent and wealthy Parliamentary barrister, anxious to make Abbotsford his principal summer residence, he spent large sums on additions and improvements. "An arrangement of access by which visitors might be admitted to the show-rooms was constructed, and for the use of his own family he built, during the years 1855-57, on the east side, a large addition, consisting of a chapel, hall, drawing-room, boudoir, and a suite of bedrooms. The old kitchen, with its motto, 'Waste not, want not,' was turned into a linen room, and there was erected a long range of new kitchen offices facing the Tweed, which raised the elevation of Scott's edifice and improved the façade of the house from the river. At the same time the avenue was lengthened, a lodge built, and the main road shifted several yards back, thus giving a privacy to the house which it had not possessed in former days." This Hope-Scott extension, in light freestone, is easily recognisable in contrast to the darker hue of Sir Walter's house, which was built of native blue whin.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, FROM A PAINTING BY G. S. NEWTON, R.A.

But Abbotsford must be seen to be understood, and no place, as has been said, is more popular

SIR WALTER SCOTT

as a tourist centre. Everything has been left very much as in Scott's lifetime, and for the visitor there is the rarest possible treat. The rooms shown, and in this order, are the Study, Library, Drawing-Room, Armoury, and Entrance Hall. The Dining-Room "his own great parlour"—is not open to the public. Here the final tragedy was played out on that balmy afternoon of 1832—"a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

Melrose, the Capital of the Scott Country, and the "Kennaquhair" of "The Monastery," has changed considerably since Scott's day. The modern town may be said to be entirely his creation. Handsome hotels, a palatial Hydropathic, the fine suburban villas on the Weir Hill side, have all sprung up since then. And in summer it is, perhaps, the gayest and most pleasure-haunted place on the Border. The Abbotsford road is crowded with the

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, SON-IN-LAW AND BIOGRAPHER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

[illegible]

inevitable coach and waggonette traffic, and the now ubiquitous motor-car. "St. David's ruined pile," too, has its constant stream, and, thanks to the ducal owner, the structure is as well kept and as well preserved as when the Bard of his clan was its most frequent and most honoured visitor. The like can be said of Dryburgh, where he now sleeps in picturesqueness and seclusion of situation the most charming monastic ruin in Great Britain.

All is silent as a dream,
But for a throstle on the ancient yew,
But for the low faint murmur of the stream;
And sweet old-fashioned scents are floating through
The arch from thyme and briar, as for ever
Shall his sweet nature haunt this fabled river.

W. S. Crockett

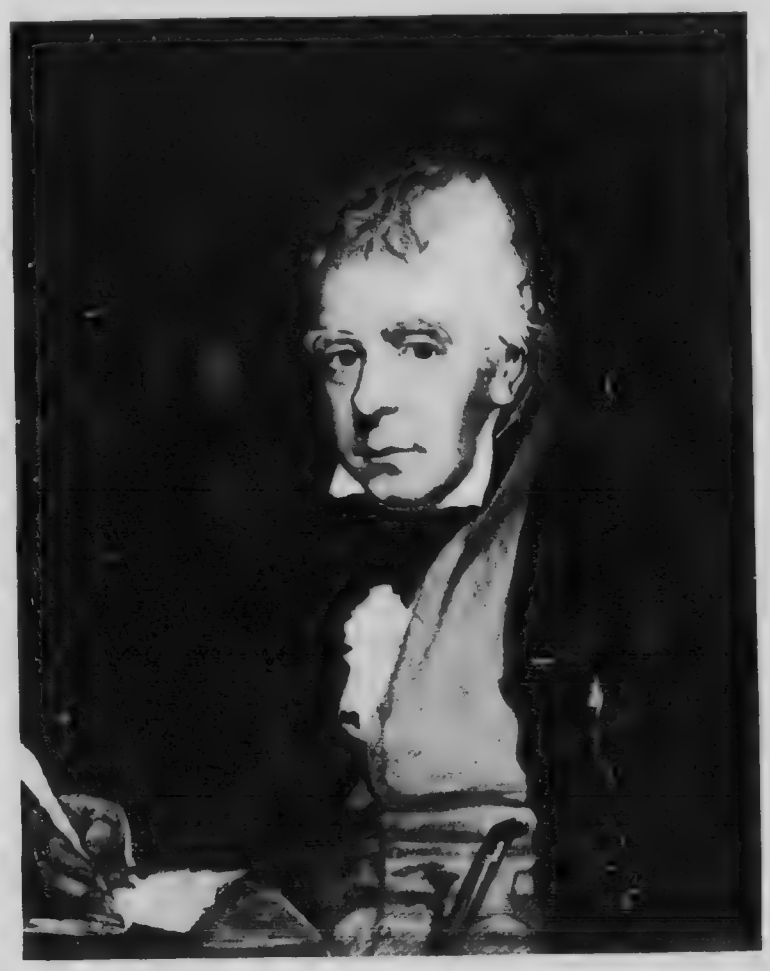
THE PORTRAITS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

NOTHING in Sir Walter Scott's remarkable career is more notable than his capacity for finding time to meet the wishes, and even to gratify the whims of friends. Throughout a life full to overflowing with literary labour and professional duties, he seemed to have leisure for everything. And not least is this evident in the number of times he sat for his portrait. Proud and glad of

"THE ABBOTSFORD FAMILY," BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.
[illegible]

his friendship, his friends were continually asking him to sit to some artist of their acquaintance. Scott shared his favourite staghound's repugnance to posing, for we find him writing in his Diary, *apropos* of a portrait that Terry the actor wanted, "This is very far from being agreeable. I am as tired of the operation as old 'Maida,' who has been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes"; but he was supremely good-natured, and always willing to oblige a personal friend or a young painter. It is to this that we owe our exceedingly intimate knowledge of his appearance from year to year, a knowledge unequalled in the case of any other author.

Besides many minor sketches, there are fully thirty important portraits of Scott from life, and of a number of these there are several repetitions, for which he gave special sittings. Of originals more than four-and-twenty were executed during the last fourteen or fifteen years of his life the busiest of all indeed, one may say that every year after 1815 was marked by the appearance of at least one new portrait, and probably by sittings for replicas of others.



A PORTRAIT OF SCOTT, BY KNIGHT.

ABBOTSFORD FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

It was during a visit to Bath, in 1777, that the first known portrait was made. He was only in his sixth year, but the general moulding of the head, with its abnormal height above the eyes, and even of the features, has a strong resemblance to the portraits of his maturity, particularly to the profile drawing by Chantrey and the Death Mask. The ivory of the original having been cracked, it was given by Mrs. Scott to a relation, from whose family it passed into the hands of David Laing, who in turn bequeathed it to the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, by which body it is now lent to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. The version at Abbotsford is an old copy, as is that which belongs to Mr. John Murray. Twenty years passed before the next authentic portrait, the miniature in Yeomanry uniform, was painted to send to his *fiancée*, Miss Carpenter, on the eve of their wedding. It is well enough in its way, but lacks character, and except for association (it lies in a case in the library at Abbotsford, beside a miniature of Lady Scott, for which it was exchanged) is of

THE ENTRANCE HALL AT ABBOTSFORD

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS, FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS FAED, R.A.

Sir Walter Scott	Rev. George Crabbe	Sir Adam Ferguson	Sir David Wilkie
James Hogg	John G. Lockhart	Thomas Moore	Archibald Constable
Henry Mackenzie	W. Wordsworth	Thomas Campbell	James Ballantyne
John Wilson	Lord Jeffrey	Sir William Allan	Sir Humphry Davy

Thomas Thomson

(Reproduced from W. S. Crockett's "The Scott Country," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black)

little account. Of greater interest is the first portrait in oils, painted in 1805, by James Saxon, a Manchester artist, who for a while met with considerable success in Edinburgh. I have not seen this picture, but, judging from other of Saxon's portraits, such as the "John Clerk of Eldin," father of Scott's friends, William Clerk and Lord Eldin, or the "Lady Scott," it should be well painted; while the engraving by James Heath for "The Lady of the Lake" (1810)—it was the first published portrait of the poet—bears out the contemporary estimate that it conveyed "an impress of the elasticity and youthful vivacity which Scott used to complain wore off after he was forty." Meanwhile, however, Scott, now famous as the author of "The Lay" and "Marmion," had sat (1808) to Raeburn, at the request of his publisher, Archibald Constable, for

the full-length which is so well known from the brown mezzotint by Charles Turner (1810). Although Lockhart did not care much for this as a likeness, and it cannot be considered one of its painter's successes, Scott thought highly of it, for, having quarrelled with Constable, he asked if he might have it, and, the request being declined in "most handsome terms," got Raeburn to paint (1809) a replica, for which he gave several sittings. This, which hangs in the drawing-room at Abbotsford, is in every respect a finer picture than its predecessor, now the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, from which

THE OLD TOLBOOTH DOOR AT ABBOTSFORD

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, R.A.
In the National Portrait Gallery

it differs in background and by the introduction of a white and yellow greyhound in addition to "Camp," the bull-terrier, who also figures in Saxon's portrait. The Abbotsford picture has never been engraved, but, through the kindness of the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, Messrs. Jack were able to include a photogravure of the head in their "Edinburgh" edition of the novels.

Between this Raeburn and the Chantrey bust of 1820 the

most important portrait painted was that by Andrew Geddes. Henning produced a drawing and a medallion about 1809: W. Nicholson etched in 1817 a water-colour he had made two years before: in 1817 also Wilkie painted the "Abbotsford Family," which some time ago passed from the Ferguson family, by a member of which it had been commissioned, into the National Gallery of Scotland: and a year later Thomas Phillips, to whom we are indebted for so many portraits of literary and artistic celebrities, executed the picture in which Sir Walter is depicted in a tartan plaid, which hangs in Mr. Murray's rooms in Albemarle Street. But these are of little interest compared with the Geddes, which is, perhaps, the most convincing, as it is the most artistic, pictorial record of Scott in existence. Probably a study for a very large picture, since ruined by neglect, commemorative of the Discovery of the Scottish Regalia, it was painted about 1818, the year of "The Heart of Midlothian," and shows him at the very height of his powers. His eyes have

THE LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD

From a photo by A. A. Inglis, Edin

THE STUDY AT ABBOTSFORD

that curiously dreamy, almost sleepy, look so characteristic of his expression when lost in contemplation, and the mouth holds, as no other painted mouth of his does, the promise of infinite humour, pathos, and good nature. The artist also made a pencil drawing, which has been engraved, and both picture and drawing are to be seen in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

In a paper like this it is obviously impossible to deal in detail with every likeness produced after 1820. That year itself saw Scott in London to receive his baronetcy, and the commencement of two fine portraits. Chantrey, who had made Scott's acquaintance through his Dumfriesshire assistant, Allan Cunningham, asked him to sit, and the result was the charming and characteristic bust which, in Lockhart's opinion, "alone preserves for posterity the cast of expression most fondly remembered by all who ever mingled in his domestic circle." Six years later, as the inscription on the marble records, it was presented by the sculptor to the poet as a token of esteem, and to-day it stands in the niche at the end of the Abbotsford library, where Scott's son placed it the day after his father's funeral. In addition to casts in bronze for Robert Cadell and Allan Cunningham, the sculptor carved a

SIR WALTER SCOTT IN HIS STUDY. FROM A PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, R.A.

duplicate for Apsley House, and, when he presented the original to Sir Walter, he received sittings for another, which was afterwards acquired by Sir Robert Peel. Quite as interesting in its way is the charming drawing (in the Oxford University Gallery) done by Chantrey at this time, and reproduced by Ruskin in "Fors Clavigera" (xxxi.) as "Walter of the Borderland."

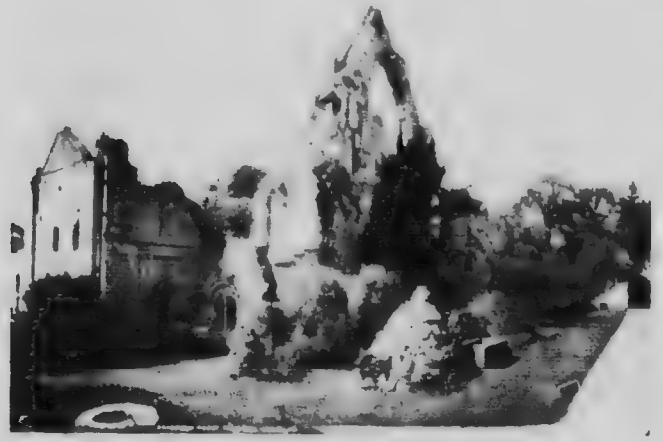
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON, R.A.
Richards Collection

Though less intimate in mood, the Lawrence portrait, which dates from this visit, is also of first-class importance. To Scott the request to sit came in most flattering form, for Sir Thomas informed him that his was to be first of a series of the King's most distinguished contemporaries that his Majesty desired to have for Windsor Castle. Scott's opinion, recorded in his Diary for November, 1826, when he gave the President a final sitting, was one of wonder that "Sir Thomas had made so much out of an old weather-beaten block"; and Lockhart thought that, while the picture was finer when the head floated against a sea of dark blank canvas, and the figure was, as it is, somewhat out of scale with the head, the artist had caught with admirable skill one of the loftiest expressions of his sitter's countenance.

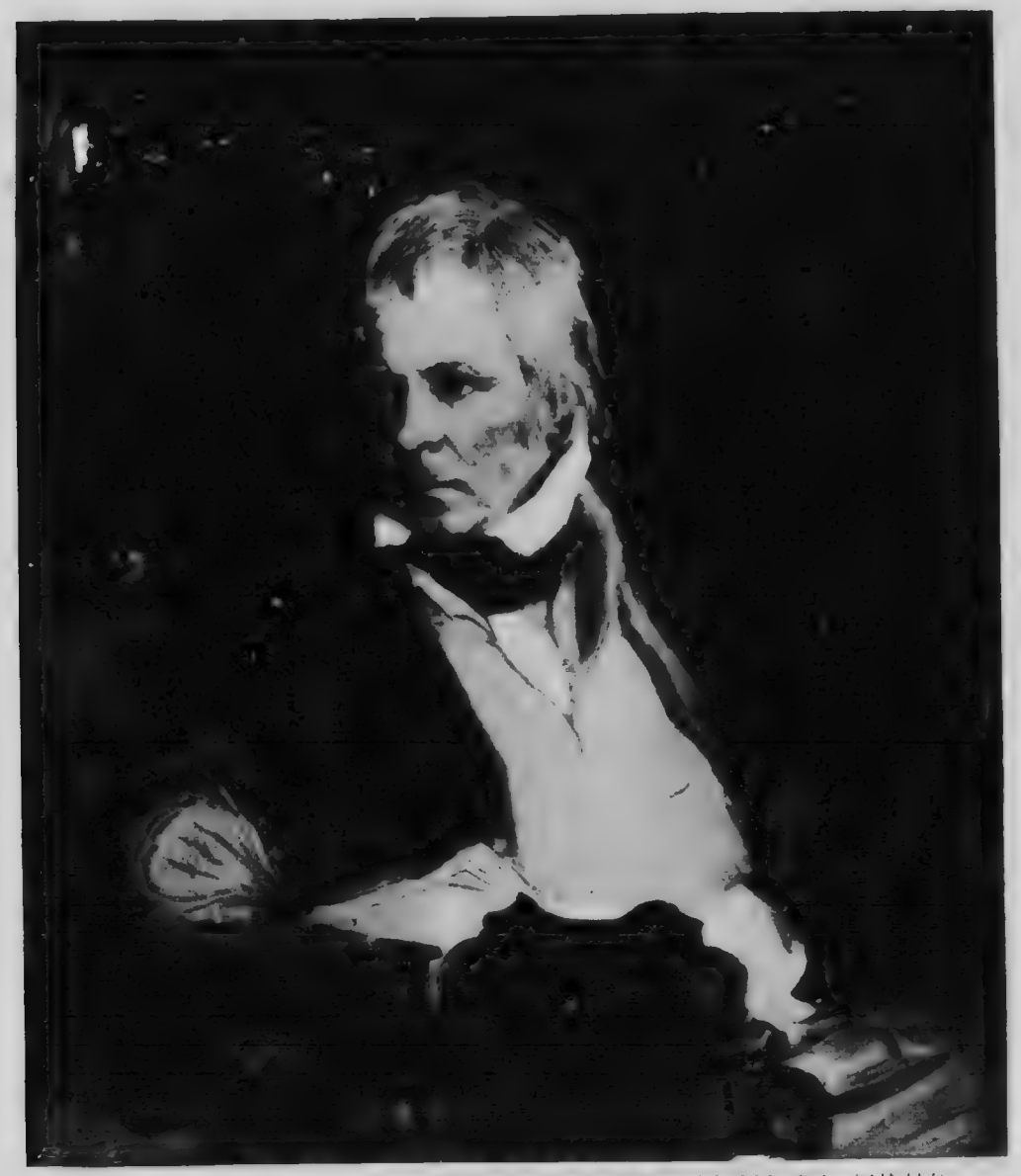
In 1822 Sir Henry Raeburn, at the request of Lord Montagu, had a second innings, and produced the singularly massive and powerful head that belongs to the Earl of Home, and several other

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TOMB IN DRYBURGH ABBEY

versions, rather different in arrangement, of which that which he retained for himself (now in Mr. Arthur Sanderson's collection) was admirably engraved in a combination of stipple and line by William Walker. It is to be regretted that the graceful story which makes this the last work of Raeburn's hand will not stand investigation. Joseph's bust, which shows an independent reading of Scott's character, belongs to the following year, and 1824 is remarkable for sittings for at least three new portraits. Newton's, of which versions exist at Abbotsford and Mr. John Murray's, was considered the best domestic portrait ever done; but the other American, Leslie, was less fortunate, and missed the essential character. His commission was from Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, and the portrait painted for him is now in the Boston Gallery; but replicas are owned by Lord Rosebery and in Australia. Wilkie's, which now belongs to Sir Donald Currie, was a study for the big picture of George IV. entering Holyrood a Royal commission in which Scott figures as the "Bard." The portraits by Maclise



DRYBURGH ABBEY



A PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., PAINTED IN 1[illegible] AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH

Richard Clay & Son

THE SCOTT MONUMENT AT EDINBURGH WITH A VIEW OF THE CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND

(1825), Knight (1826), and Graham Gilbert (1829) need not detain us, although the last represents the "Author of Waverley" in his capacity as President of the Royal Society (Edinburgh), and the first was so popular that the sale of reproductions enabled the artist to set up a studio. 1828, like 1824, produced three portraits, of which Colvin Smith's was such a favourite that the artist was called on for a score of replicas. It is not a great work, however, and Lockhart's opinion was unfavourable. Haydon's, incidentally referred to in the Diary, has disappeared: and that in which "the old wizard, Northcote, who really resembles an animated mummy," represented himself painting Sir Walter, I have only seen in a small version, perhaps that referred to by Allan Cunningham, which, when shown at the Glasgow International Exhibition in 1901, was described as "Sir David Wilkie painting the portrait of Sir Walter Scott"!

Perhaps the last portraits, that show Sir Walter before his heroic struggle to die without debt had broken him down completely, were painted by Sir John Watson Gordon from the original study, in which the head alone is finished, and which the artist always retained, now in the Scottish Portrait Gallery. Of the pictures founded on that study the one painted for Mr. Cadell (now in Lady Foulis's possession) is best known, although a cabinet full-length showing Scott at work is also popular. Some ten years earlier the future President of the R.S.A., then plain John Watson, had painted an

excellent seated half-length for Lady Abercorn, which, a few years ago, was secured at Christie's for a long price by Sir William Agnew. Like many of the other portraits, it includes a dog. The Edinburgh Gallery also contains Sir Francis Grant's small full-length, painted at Abbotsford while Scott was dictating "Count Robert of Paris" to Willie Laidlaw; and a most interesting little drawing by Crombie (1831), in which Sir Walter's appearance, as he limped about the Edinburgh streets, is very happily caught. A similar note is struck in an excellent small full-length that Sir William Allan did for Mr. Blackwood some years before; and to Allan, whom Scott befriended, and set upon lines which give him an important place in the history of Scottish painting, we are also indebted for the last portrait from life. A cabinet-sized canvas representing him reading a proclamation of Queen Mary's, it was shown in the Royal Academy of 1832 a few months before Scott returned from Italy to die within sound of his beloved Tweed.

Hanging in the National Portrait Gallery beside Allan's picture is a very attractive and vital oil sketch by Landseer, painted a year or two after Scott's death, but founded on close intimacy and sketches from life. And with mention of this and of the curiously fascinating Death Mask, which lies in a little room off the study in Abbotsford, this brief summary of the principal portraits of Sir Walter Scott must close.

JAMES L. CAW.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Sir Walter Scott

Sir Walter Scott was born on August 15th, 1771, being the ninth child of Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, who married Anne Rutherford in April, 1758. "My birth was neither distinguished nor sordid," wrote the author in his Autobiography, with reference to his own descent. "According to the prejudices of my country, it was esteemed *gentle*, as I was connected, though remotely, with ancient families both by my father's and mother's side. My father's grandfather was Walter Scott, well known in Teviotdale by the surname of 'Beardie.' He was the second son of Walter Scott, first Laird of Raeburn, who was third son of Sir William Scott, and the grandson of Walter Scott, commonly called in tradition 'Auld Wat,' of Harden. . . .

Sir Walter Scott's great grandfather, "Beardie"

page 2

"Beardie," my great-grandfather aforesaid, derived his cognomen from a venerable beard, which he wore unblemished by razor or scissors, in token of his regret for the banished dynasty of Stewart. It would have been well that his zeal had stopped there. But he took arms, and intrigued in that cause until he lost all he had in the world, and, as I have heard, was a narrow risk of being hanged, had it not been for the interference of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth.

Of "Beardie's" three sons, Robert, the second, quarrelled with his father, turned Whig, and set up as a farmer at Sandyknowe, where he reared a large family, the author being descended from the eldest son, who was born in 1729. "His person and face were uncommonly handsome, with an expression of sweetness of temper which was not fallacious," continued Sir Walter in his Autobiography. "My father was a singular instance of a man rising to eminence in a profession for which nature had in some degree unfitted him. . . . In the actual business of the profession which he embraced, in that sharp and intuitive perception which is necessary in driving bargains for himself and others, in availing himself of the wants, necessities, caprices and follies of some, and guarding against the knavery and malice of others, Uncle Toby himself could not have conducted himself with more simplicity than my father."

Sir Walter Scott's father

Scott's mother was the sole surviving child, by his first wife, of John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. She was short of stature and "by no means comely." According to her son, she joined to a light and happy temper of mind a strong turn to study poetry and works of imagination. She was sincerely devout, but her religion was of a cast less austere than his father's. The house in which Scott was born, and which was later demolished, was situated at the head of the north side of the College Wynd, Edinburgh, opposite the gateway of the University. The building was plain of aspect and consisted of four stories, of which the upper floors were the abode of the Scott family. Soon after the author's birth, his father removed to a new house at No. 25, George Square, and this continued to be Sir Walter's "most established place of residence" until his marriage in 1797.

Sir Walter Scott's mother

College Wynd, Edinburgh, the birthplace of Sir Walter Scott

No. 25, George Square, Edinburgh

In the summer of 1773, at the commencement of his third year, Scott was sent to Sandyknowe, his grandfather's farm at Smailholm. Above the house was a small loch, and on the summit of the overhanging crags stood the ruined tower of Sandyknowe, which has fittingly been called "the outstanding sentinel of all the lower valley of the Tweed." On the death of his grandfather, the home at Sandyknowe was broken up, and his aunt removed to Kelso. "My health had become rather delicate from rapid growth," he wrote, "and my father was easily persuaded to allow me to spend half a year at Kelso with my kind aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose inmate I became. At this time she resided in a small house, situated very pleasantly in a large garden, to the eastward of the churchyard of Kelso, which extended down to the Tweed. It was then my father's property, from whom it was afterwards purchased by my uncle."

Sandyknowe Tower

Waverley Lodge Kelso

The rudiments of education were imparted to Scott at the Old Grammar School at Kelso, which he attended during his vacation from the Edinburgh High School in 1783, and where he also acted as a kind of pupil-teacher,

The Grammar School, Kelso

the master at that time being Mr. Lancelot Whale, "an excellent classical scholar, a humorist, and a worthy man," with a supreme antipathy to the puns which his uncommon name frequently gave rise.

In November, 1783, Scott began to attend classes at Edinburgh College but a severe illness interrupted his studies and he returned again to Kelso. In 1786 he was apprenticed to his father as Writer to the Signet; but two years later commenced studying for the Bar, to which he was called on July 11th, 1792.

Lady Scott Charlotte Margaret Carpenter

On December 24th, 1797, Scott married Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, the daughter of a French refugee. "Without the features of a regular beauty," wrote Lockhart, describing Miss Carpenter, "she was rich in personal attractions: 'a form that was fashioned as light as a fay's'; a complexion of the clearest and lightest olive; eyes large, deep-set, and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown; and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven's wing; her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty young Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society and a certain natural archness and gaiety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent."

The marriage took place at Carlisle, and the newly-wedded pair lived first at No. 108, George Street, Edinburgh, whence they removed to South Castle Street. The summers, however, during the early years of married life were spent at Lasswade Cottage, situated on the Esk, about six miles from Edinburgh. It was a small house, with but one room of large dimensions and a good-sized garden, commanding a beautiful view, in which Scott himself took great delight in training the plants and creepers.

Lasswade Cottage

Before settling at Lasswade it had been Sir Walter's custom to make a "yearly raid" into Liddesdale each autumn at the rising of the Courts, chiefly with a view to exploring the grim and inaccessible region in the neighbourhood of

[illegible]

Sir Walter Scott at Hermitage Castle

This awesome fortress is much associated with Scott. Here it was that the Douglas ring he wore was found, and here, too, he was represented by Raeburn, in the first portrait painted by that artist in 1808, at full length, sitting by a ruined wall, with Camp at his feet and the mountains of Liddesdale in the background.

Old Sheriff Court House, Selkirk

In 1799 Scott was appointed Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, having the support of the Duke of Buccleuch in applying for the office. His duties were light and the salary was £300 per annum, while the title of "Shirra" invested him with great importance in the eyes of the neighbourhood. Scott was now living at No. 39, Castle Street, Edinburgh; and, the business of the Court being over, would depart for his "city home," which Coleridge described as "divinely situated," for it looked up the street "full upon the rock and castle." The room in which Sir Walter worked was behind the dining-room, and here he finished "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering," besides writing "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," and "St. Ronan's Well."

No. 39, Castle Street, Edinburgh

Ashestiel

Scott gave up Lasswade Cottage in 1804, and removed to Ashestiel, where he wrote "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of

the Lake." Ashestiel was originally an old Border tower, part of which was enclosed in the residence. The west wing was added by Mrs. Russell, Scott's aunt, making it an odd-looking, three-cornered building. The house was protected on the north by the Tweed, and on the east by a deep ravine clothed with trees, through which runs the little brook referred to in the opening lines of "Marmion":—

> Low in its dark and narrow glen,
> You scarce the rivulet might ken,
> So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
> So feeble trill'd the streamlet through;
> Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
> Through bush and brier, no longer green,
> An angry brook it sweeps the glade.

During 1806-7 Scott was working upon "Dryden," and was at this time appointed Secretary to the Parliamentary Commission upon Scottish Jurisprudence. "Marmion" was published on February 23rd, 1808, to be followed in 1810 by "The Lady of the Lake," which equalled the success of its predecessors, resulting in a rush of visitors to Loch Katrine.

Loch Katrine

see page 18

> The summer dawn's reflected hue
> To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
> Mildly and soft the western breeze
> Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
> And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
> Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
> The mountain shadows on her breast
> Were neither broken nor at rest;
> In bright uncertainty they lie,
> Like future joys to Fancy's eye.

His lease of Ashestiel running out, Scott resolved to buy a place of his own. He fixed finally upon an estate five miles farther down the Tweed, consisting of a meadow, one hundred acres of rough land, and a small farmhouse, for which he paid £4,000, and to which he gave the name of Abbotsford. An additional attraction, in his eyes, to this neighbourhood was the proximity of Melrose Abbey, to which the lands had previously belonged, and of which the author gives a charming picture in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel":—

Abbotsford and the Eildon Hills

see page 17

Melrose Abbey

see page 18

> If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
> When the broken arches are black in night,
> And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
> When the cold light's uncertain shower
> Streams on the ruined central tower;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Then go—but go alone the while—
> Then view St. David's ruined pile;
> And, home returning, soothly swear,
> Was never scene so sad and fair.

Abbotsford may be called the centre of Sir Walter Scott's Country. Originally it was a small farm named Cartleyhole. But the farm was gradually converted into an estate by the acquisition of adjoining lands, for which the author paid large sums. He concluded the purchase of Toftfield for £10,000, altering its name to Huntly Burn, from the mountain brook which ran through the grounds. This burn found its way from the Cauld-

Rhymer's Glen

see page 20

shiels Loch through the Rhymer's Glen, which had been previously acquired. Scott was thus made master (as he believed) of all the haunts of Thomas the Rhymer and the scene of his interview with the Queen of the Fairies.

Finding the MS. of "Waverley"

see page 21

On July 1st, 1814, Scott's edition of Swift, in nineteen volumes, was published, to be followed a fortnight later by the appearance of "Waverley." This novel had been commenced shortly after the author had settled at Ashestiel. But after writing about one-third of the first volume, he cast the work aside, mainly on the advice of his friend William Erskine (afterwards Lord Kinnedder). For many years the manuscript remained untouched, and it was not until the summer of 1813 that the missing sheets were discovered by sheer accident in the lumber-room at Abbotsford; and the remaining volumes were then completed for publication in an incredibly short space of time.

John Gibson Lockhart

see page 25

Sir Walter first made the acquaintance of John Gibson Lockhart, his future son-in-law and biographer, in May, 1818. Lockhart was a man endowed with personal charm of a high order, having inherited the fine Italian features and dark eyes of his mother, a woman of extraordinary beauty. The turning point in his career had been the publication of an article on "Heraldry," written at an early age, through which he was brought to the notice of Blackwood. He married Scott's eldest daughter, Sophia, on April 29th, 1820. Mrs. Lockhart died in May, 1837, and the following, taken from Stanzas on her Funeral by the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, gives some slight insight into the beauty of her character:

A portrait of Mrs J. G. Lockhart

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> Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou!
> That still, wherever it might come,
> Shed sunshine o'er that happy home,
> Her task of kindliness and gladness now
> Absolved with the element above
> Hath mingled and become pure light, pure joy, pure love.

Chiefswood Cottage

see page 26

In the early years of their married life Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart lived at Chiefswood Cottage, in the vicinity of Melrose. This residence, originally called Burnfoot, had been purchased by Scott for the purpose of finally rounding off the Abbotsford estates. Sir Walter was a constant visitor at Chiefswood at such times as he found it possible to escape from the "nauseous stir" at Abbotsford, and he penned a large portion of "The Pirate" at the cottage, where Lockhart's own novels were also written. It was here that the latter received the offer tendered him by Disraeli of a post on the *Representative*, a London daily, which, however, he declined, accepting instead the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*.

Of Abbotsford, as it stood completed in 1824, a very full description is given in Lockhart's "Life":

Abbotsford from the south-west.

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"On all sides, except towards the river, the house connects itself with the gardens. It is eminently imposing in its general effect; and in most of its details, not only full of historical interest, but of beauty also. It is no doubt a thing of shreds and patches, but they have been combined by a masterly hand. . . . The house is more than one hundred and fifty feet long in front, was built at two different onsets; has a tall tower at either end, the one not least like the other; presents sundry crowfooted, *alias* zigzagged, gables to the eye; a myriad of indentations and parapets, and machicolated eaves; most fantastic waterspouts; labelled windows, not a few of them

painted glass; groups of right Elizabethan chimneys; balconies of divers fashions, greater and less; and a very noble projecting gateway.

The Entrance Hall at Abbotsford

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"The hall is about forty feet long by twenty in height and breadth. The walls are of richly carved oak, most part of it exceedingly dark, and brought, it seems, from the old Abbey of Dunfermline; the roof, a series of pointed arches of the same, each beam presenting in the centre a shield of arms richly blazoned. . . . The floor of this hall is black and white marble, from the Hebrides, wrought lozenge-wise; and the upper walls are completely hung with arms and armour.

The Library at Abbotsford

see page 33

"The library is an oblong of some fifty feet by thirty, with a projection in the centre, opposite the fireplace, terminating in a grand bow-window, fitted up with books. The roof is of carved oak again—a very rich pattern chiefly *à la* Roslin. The collection amounts in this room to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes. The only picture is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform, and holding his horse—by Allan, of Edinburgh—a noble portrait, over the fireplace.

The Study at Abbotsford

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"This room (the *sanctum* of the author), which seems to be a crib of about twenty feet, contains, of what is properly called furniture, nothing but a small writing-table in the centre, a plain arm-chair covered with black leather, and a single chair besides; plain symptoms that this is no place for company. On either side of the fireplace there are shelves filled with books of reference, chiefly, of course, folios; but, except these, there are no books save the contents of a light gallery which runs round three sides of the room, and is reached by a hanging stair of carved oak in one corner. There are only two portraits—an original of the beautiful and melancholy head of Claverhouse (Bonny Dundee), and a small full-length of Rob Roy."

The Old Tolbooth Door at Abbotsford

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The Old Tolbooth door was taken from the "Bastille of Edinburgh," and inserted in the wall abutting on the entrance porch at Abbotsford. Whilst Scott was busy with his plans of building, he wrote to Mr. Terry with regard to it:

"I expect to get some decorations from the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, particularly the copestones of the doorway, or lintels, as we call them, and a *niche* or two—one very handsome indeed! Better get a niche *from* the Tolbooth than *in* it, to which such building operations are apt to bring the projectors."

Sir Walter Scott's Tomb in Dryburgh Abbey

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Sir Walter Scott died at Abbotsford on September 21st, 1832, and on the evening of Wednesday, the 26th, his remains were laid beside those of his wife in the sepulchre of his ancestors at Dryburgh Abbey. This Abbey dates from the middle of the twelfth century. It would have descended to Sir Walter by inheritance had not one of his ancestors been obliged to part with it owing to falling into bankruptcy. "The ancient patrimony," wrote Scott, "was sold for a trifle, and my father, who might have purchased it with ease, was dissuaded by my grandfather from doing so, and thus we have nothing left of Dryburgh but the right of stretching our bones there."

Dryburgh Abbey

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The Scott Monument at Edinburgh

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The foundation-stone of the monument raised to Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh was laid on August 15th, 1840. The monument was completed at a cost of £15,650, and its inauguration was celebrated on the same day six years later.